





## RAMCHUNDA SINGH AND THE PURPLE PENCE

By John Walker Harrington.

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Ramchunda Singh first heard of the purple pence as he was pouring yellow powder upon the shimmering contents of a chafing dish. He was currying cook in Cherry's restaurant at a time when a new fad had just arrived in New York. Ramchunda Singh was sure that the fad would be short lived, and, being a Hindoo person of ready resources, he sought to find another means of livelihood. Life had not been pleasant since by strange chance Ramchunda Singh had imbibed intoxicants. He had been left stranded in New York on the day the steamer on which he was a tender of wild animals had departed for the ports of the orient. For several years Ramchunda Singh had come over the sea whenever a consignment of lions and tigers and elephants had been sent to the South street animal dealers. He tried to get Scalds to employ him, but trade was dull, and Scalds said that he preferred the Irish to the Hindoos. So it was that Ramchunda Singh, educated Hindoo, learning of the new fad from the Sunday newspapers, had



"I HAVE ALSO A TENDER AND SUSCEPTIBLE HEART."

applied for the position of currying cook and had obtained it. He resigned on the day Mrs. Sprengle and cousin took luncheon at Cherry's. The following morning found him at the house of William Peterson Sprengle, dealer in scrap metal and disgustingly wealthy. Ramchunda Singh had invested some of his hard earned wages in a remarkable suit consisting of a shiny Prince Albert coat, bought secondhand, and a pair of black trousers. On his head was a silk turban. He had sent a note to Mrs. Sprengle explaining that his business was urgent and concerned the welfare of her husband.

"I dine with you tonight," said Ramchunda Singh gravely. "To what am I indebted for the honor?" said Mrs. Sprengle, who had read the etiquette books and the novels of Martha M. Day and knew what was proper under the circumstances.

"I overheard you say quite by chance," said Ramchunda Singh, "that you would give a great deal to have your husband give up theosophy, which takes too many of the purple pence and makes him neglect his family and his business."

"You are the currying cook at Cherry's!" exclaimed Mrs. Sprengle.

"Madam," rejoined Ramchunda Singh, "I am a person of high caste, a highly educated Hindoo. I shall be able to restore your husband to his senses, for I, too, was once a theosophist."

So it came to pass that on that very night Mrs. Sprengle greeted her husband with the remark that she had decided to learn something of theosophy and had engaged as teacher Mr. Ramchunda Singh, late of Delhi and Calcutta, who was an adept.

With every dinner for a week or more the peace of Ramchunda Singh was given unto the house of Sprengle. The lore of the East Indies was at the command of the guest. He talked of Vedas, and the scantily fed soul of William Peterson Sprengle was filled with joy. Ramchunda Singh and the master of the house went together to the meetings of the theosophical society. Mrs. Sprengle noticed with growing apprehension that Ramchunda Singh was dressing in elaborate style and that he had all the spending money which he seemed to require. On account of the introductions from the head of the house of Sprengle, Ramchunda Singh became the fashion. He had a lithograph of himself made, and before many days he was giving lectures at Pickering hall on abstruse subjects at \$1 per head. At the home of the Sprengles he was a regular visitor. The Misses Sprengle, of whom there were two, both young and pretty, duffy and girlish, had not been admitted into the secret. Mrs. Sprengle saw that her older daughter, Agatha, was blushing whenever the swart faced Hindoo rang the doorbell and even knew his ring. Her husband was charmed with the ways of that plausible Hindoo.

"Mary," said he one evening when Ramchunda Singh, unmindful of caste, sat at dinner with them, "perhaps you would not mind if I took a little pilgrimage to the Himalayas with our friend?"

Mrs. Sprengle started to tell what she thought of it all when a look from the Hindoo dissuaded her. She said that such a journey would no doubt be interesting. Mr. Sprengle retired to get the map of India.

"You scoundrel!" cried Mrs. Sprengle. "How dare you? You promised to cure my husband of his wretched nonsense, and you make it all the worse. How far is this going?"

"To the sum of \$10,000," was the reply. "Unless that amount is forthcoming you will see your husband on his way to India with Ramchunda Singh. I have also a tender and a susceptible heart, and I should dislike for less to relinquish my claims to the affection of one whom I much admire."

Ramchunda Singh placed a fat hand on his chest and rolled his eyes upward.

Four days afterward William Peterson Sprengle came home white with rage.

"Mary," he said, "I am done with this theosophy forever! That scoundrel Ramchunda Singh has fled for parts unknown. Quite by accident he dropped a letter in my office in which he referred to me as the 'old idiot,' upon whose ignorance he was imposing. Never mention his name to me again!"

"I hate to think he was an impostor, William," replied Mrs. Sprengle, "for before he went away I gave him quite a sum of money. However, if you wish, the subject of theosophy will never again be mentioned in this house."

Over the door of an animal store in Calcutta there is today the sign "Ramchunda Singh," and within sits an affluent Hindoo, smoking his pipe and taking his ill gotten ease.

Getting an Autograph of Davis. A Chicago girl, in looking over a book of autographs of famous people, one day ran across this letter:

Dear Miss X.—Your note requesting autograph is a model. Please start a school of collectors. WILLIAM GILLETTE. Chicago, Oct. 7, 1897.

This letter immediately interested the girl and she inquired by what method her friend had secured so flattering a reply.

The owner of the letter explained that she had sent the actor a blank sheet of paper with the words, "Your autograph, please," written at the top of the sheet. This she sent with a stamped envelope for reply.

"The brevity of my note evidently pleased Mr. Gillette, for no doubt he is bored to death with many foolish notes from hundreds of matinee girls and other autograph fiends like myself," she said.

The rival collector was struck with the originality of the idea, and, thinking to repeat her friend's success in securing such a fine note, said, "I think I shall try that plan also, and then I, too, shall have some clever little letters to add to my book."

That same afternoon she sent a card with this brief phrase, "Your autograph, please," to Mr. Richard Harding Davis, and within a few days she received the following dry response written on the same card beneath her short request:

You seem pressed for time. R. H. DAVIS. —Saturday Evening Post.

"Thou Diest on Point of Fox." Fox blades were celebrated all through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries for their excellent temper, and mention of them is frequent in English drama. This is their history:

There was a certain Julian del Rei, believed to be a Morisco, who set up a forge at Toledo in the early part of the sixteenth century and became famous for the excellence of his sword blades, which were regarded as the best of Toledo. That city had for many ages previous been renowned for swordmaking, it being supposed that the Moors introduced the art, as they did so many good things, from the east.

Julian del Rei's mark was a little dog, which came to be taken for a fox, and so the "fox blade," or simply "fox" for any good sword. See "Henry V." act 4, scene 4. "Thou diest on point of fox." The brand came to be imitated in other places, and there are Solingen blades of comparatively modern manufacture which still bear the little dog of Julian del Rei.—Notes and Queries.

A Wagner Find. Autograph letters of Wagner have been discovered in use as jam pot covers. A German journalist found them at the house of two maiden ladies, sisters of a musician long since deceased, who had formerly been in intimate correspondence with the author of "Parsifal." The ladies were exhibiting to him with much pride their cupboard full of jam when the journalist saw some writing on the covers which he recognized as that of Wagner. The superior thickness of the paper, which almost resembles parchment, had supplied the reason for its application to this domestic use.

The Authority. Bilkins—This paper says some of the greatest achievements in the photographic art have been made by amateurs. Is that so? Amateur—Of course. If you don't believe it, ask any—"Photographer?" "Amateur."

Misinformation. Singleton—I am told that you cursed the day you were married. Weddely—No; it wasn't quite that bad. I didn't curse until the day after. —Chicago News.



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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 19.

Text of the Lesson, Acts ii, 37-47.  
Memory Verses, 37-39—Golden Text, Acts ii, 47—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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37. "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" This was the cry of those who, having heard the gospel preached by Peter, were by the Spirit convinced of their sin, the sin of rejecting Christ. Compare the cry of Saul and of the jailer in chapters ix, 6; xvi, 30, when they, too, were convinced of sin. This is the work of the Holy Spirit, as the Lord Jesus said, "When He is come, He will convince the world of sin, because they believe not on Me" (John vii, 8, 9). Peter in the power of the Spirit, or the Spirit through Peter, had preached Christ from Joel ii, Ps. xvi and cx. It might be said that he gave a Bible reading from an exposition of these passages from the Old Testament.

38. There was only one thing for them to do, and that was to receive Him whom they had rejected and confess it by being baptized in His name, and they would thus receive the forgiveness of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit. They had thought that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor and a deceiver, but they must change their mind about Him (that is repentance) and receive and honor Him as Israel's Messiah, the Christ of God, the only Saviour of sinners. See how Peter, by the Spirit, makes prominent the remission of sins, as Jesus had commanded in Luke xxiv, 47. The gospel that does not proclaim the forgiveness of sins is not the gospel of God concerning Jesus Christ, but another gospel concerning which Paul says, "Let the preacher be accursed" (Gal. i, 8, 9; II Cor. xi, 4).

39. Our Lord had said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi, 37), and He had prayed for the soldiers who nailed Him to the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and He had said to the penitent thief, "Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise" (Luke xlii, 34, 43). So Peter encouraged these whom he had accused of killing Christ (verse 23) to turn to Him, that they might obtain His forgiveness. The call is to every one, however far off and dead in sin, to come, for Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and whosoever believeth in Him shall not be ashamed (I Tim. i, 15; Rom. ix, 33; x, 11).

40. As the Spirit gave him utterance he set before them the grace of God in Christ Jesus, urging them to come out from the unbelieving and show themselves for Christ. He did not expect that all who heard would believe, for he had been taught by the Lord Jesus that, while some would fall on good ground, some would also fall on the hard beaten ground, some on rocky and some on thorny soil.

41. Three thousand, or about that number, received Christ by receiving the truth concerning or by believing the testimony that Peter gave of Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah, who by the sacrifice of Himself made atonement for sin, who, having by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high (Heb. i, 3) and sent the Holy Spirit, who now brought these truths home to their hearts. Faith cometh by hearing the word of God, not by any enticing words of man's wisdom (Rom. x, 17; I Cor. i, 17; ii, 4), and as the word of God is declared the spirit of God works. Unless God works nothing is accomplished, for even Christ did not do anything of Himself (John v, 30; viii, 28).

42, 43. This great ingathering was, no doubt, one of the "greater works" of which Christ had spoken (John xiv, 12), and they proved their sincerity by continuing steadfastly in the doctrine, in fellowship and in prayer (John viii, 31). This was a genuine work of the Holy Spirit, a work of God in the name of the Lord Jesus, and through one of the weakest of earthly vessels; there was nothing of man in it. The wonders and signs were "the Lord working with them and confirming the word with signs following" (Mark xvi, 20). The great resurrection chapter concludes with the exhortation to be "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" (I Cor. iv, 58), and it is our privilege to say with John, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ" (I John i, 3). "Patient continuance in doing it" (Rom. ii, 7) is a very good summary of the believer's daily life.

44, 45. "And all that believed were together and had all things common." In this first gathering of the redeemed from among the Jews out of all nations (verse 5) the Spirit seems to have so fully controlled them that they manifested the spirit of their Lord and Master in so loving each other that they counted nothing their own, but wrought and lived that they might have to give to him that needeth (Eph. iv, 28). The heaven, always suggestive of evil (Lev. xxiii, 16, 17), soon began to work and to appear, and all sought their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's. And many turned away and loved this present world or sought pre-eminence in the church instead of honoring Christ as pre-eminent in all things (Phil. ii, 21; I Tim. i, 15; iv, 10; III John 9; Col. i, 18).

46. "Continuing daily with one accord." Whether in the temple or at home, there was true fellowship and gladness and singleness of heart. They were servants of Christ indeed, doing the will of God from the heart, acceptable to God and approved of men (Eph. vi, 6; Rom. xiv, 18). This was not their manner of life one day in the week only, but every day by the grace of God. They were filled with and constantly manifesting these features of the kingdom—righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost (Rom. xiv, 17), and God was glorified in them before the people.

47. "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." In the revised version the word "church" is omitted. In chapters v, 14; xi, 24, it is said that the believers were "added to the Lord." The church is the body of Christ, which began with these thousands of Jews and is still on its way toward completion, taking in all who will come from all nations. The Lord Himself is adding to Himself all who truly come to Him, but tares and wheat will grow together till the harvest, and only then shall it be seen who are the Lord's additions and who are man's. He Himself said, "Every plant which My Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up" (Matt. xiii, 13). May all who read be indeed "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified" (Isa. lvi, 3), and greatly used by Him to bear much fruit to His glory.

## COLORADO'S FIRST GOLD.

How the Discovery of the Precious Metal Was Made.

On May 8, 1859, as stated in Fossett's "Colorado" (1876), John Gregory, a prospector, climbed the hill into what is still known as Gregory gulch (midway between the present Central City and Black Hawk), scraped away the grass and leaves, filled his pan with dirt and took it down to the stream.

Upon panning (washing) it down, there was about \$4 worth of gold in it. This was followed by a stampede to the Gregory diggings, as they were afterward called. Gregory employed five men from the new arrivals and by means of a sluice took out \$972 in one week. Other rich strikes were made almost daily, and large amounts of gold were taken out in a short time.

The Bates, Bobtail, Mammoth, Gunneil, Gurrongha, Illinois and hundreds of other lodes were found, and thousands of claims were taken up. As the summer of 1859 advanced the wealth of the gold veins and gulches of what is now Gilpin county became more and more apparent. Over 15,000 men were congregated in Gregory, Russell and tributary gulches, and many of them were accumulating wealth rapidly, but everything valuable was soon preempted, and large numbers were forced to hunt their fortunes elsewhere.—Engineering Magazine.

### A Fastidious Dog.

"Yes," said the manager of the defunct "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, "it was our dog that broke up the show."

"The dog, eh? What was the matter with him?"

"Too fastidious. You never saw such a hound in your life. You know the play, of course. We tie a piece of meat in the folds of Eliza's frock, and that's what draws the dogs after her when she runs across the blocks of ice. Well, what do you think this dog demanded?"

"Can't imagine."

"Porterhouse beefsteak, sir, and with the tenderloin left in! Yes, sir. How's that? And you couldn't fool him. He wouldn't chase Eliza a foot unless the meat was a choice cut. No, sir. And, by gum, sir, our company had to live on liver and bacon so that blamed dog could have his steak. Yes, sir."

"The demand was too much for you, was it?"

"No, it wasn't. That is, it wasn't until he began to insist upon mushrooms with his steak. Then we just threw up our hands and quit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Curious Name Combination.

"What is in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them differently and observe the result. For an instance, place them this wise:

HAM LIN  
LIN COLN

Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again:

ABRA—HAMLIN—COLN.

Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do?

### Joe's Revelation.

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of an east end young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred.

They were all discussing the plea, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up.

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie tryin' to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork!"

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after Joe had gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Presbyopia.

Old sight (presbyopia) begins at about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper farther off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whatever the ocular defect the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

### Eye Franks.

Witness—He looked me straight in the eye and—

Lawyer—There, sir, you flatly contradicted your former statement!

Witness—How so?

Lawyer—You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze!

### Apple Trees in Tasmania.

Tasmanians plant apple trees close together. The average orchard is set out ten feet apart instead of twenty or forty feet, and as much as 600 bushels are sometimes gathered from a single acre.

### The Other Half.

Some one has said, "Half the world does not know how the other half lives," and some one else has retorted, "Half the world does not care how the other half lives."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Charitable.

Artist—I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose.

Critic—Why not give it to an institution for the blind?—New York Herald.

## AS OTHERS SEE IT.

Ideas Not Essentially Our Own.

### CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The principal difficulty which has usually attended discussions of the series of problems involved in the current question has been the very obvious tendency to take up one side as against the other. That view within whose horizon are comprehended both aspects of the matter does not, of course, exist, for the reason that most men are so glibly mentally as otherwise, and, if they do not mock with the sheep, are pretty sure to congregate with the goats. It is quite possible, then, the above heading which also preceded the editorial in this column and called forth a defense of labor entitled "Labor and Capital" in the issue of January 4, may be less than a misapprehension that the writer is attempting a tilt on the capitalistic charge against the hostile champions of labor. Not by any means so. There are altogether too many champions in the field already availing themselves of the opportunity to brandish their tongues, so that it is marvelous to behold how the lists be column deep with ink and battered by copy.

The main issue of the previous article will be found to be expressible in the word, "co-operation," and it must be reiterated that there is no other ultimately satisfactory solution of the whole problem than co-operation and harmony. It will surely be admitted by all who have had any experience in the handling of men that the willing and contented workman is far more efficient and profitable, both to himself and to his employer, than the unwilling and discontented. There is wasted energy, in economics as well as in mechanics, and there is no getting away from the fact. It is but a simple sum in numbers to prove that an increase of friction increases waste in direct proportion. This fact is even now beginning to be more generally understood by both capitalist and laborer.

Higher, then, the standard of the capitalistic class who have realized it, the more they have succeeded in working in the opposite direction by lessening friction. Elbert Hubbard, in the January number of the "Common Sense" and asserts that in six and one-half years the net profit of the business "have been something over two hundred thousand dollars with a great living for everybody thrown in." "E. S. A." will do well to read the article in question. Mr. Patterson, editor of the National Cash Register concern, is also a man of progressive mind. His factory was, as is the Roycroft Shop at Uxbridge, a school for students of labor and sociological problems. The latter, of the labor unions compelled the abandonment of a scheme which had order of things for his employees. They are but two of a considerable number of such instances which show a tendency in the right direction existing at the present time. The recent conference between capital and labor in New York, it may not be immediately productive, but it unquestionably proves a better spirit, as well as a more enlightened way of regarding the situation, on the part of both sides.

And right here lies one of the chief difficulties. Labor has been sadly misled. A certain class of men, demagogues in the main, has found it both possible and profitable for itself to keep up the agitation in the ranks of labor. The laborer has been buttonholed and harangued by these tonguey individuals until he has been over-persuaded against his own better judgment, and has accepted the belief that the man with money is his deadliest enemy. Between the walking delegates and the yellow journals, who both have taken up the cause of the "oppressed" worker, the man with money, they can get out of it, the poor fellow is so be-dazzled and be-muddled in mind as to follow blindly, and sometimes comes to his senses to find himself a victim of the "oppressed" man. During the strike in Brooklyn, but a few years ago, a stick of dynamite was set off inside one of the tallest steel pillars supporting the Fifth Avenue elevated road, shattering the column and rendering the structure unsafe for the passage of trains at that point. Fortunately the damage was discovered before any train with its load of passengers had approached. Were the men who committed the deed any the less criminal because there was no accident involving what must have resulted in a large loss of life? By no means. But those who stirred up the strike were far more to blame. And yet the devoted labor leaders (who are too often in the business for what they can get out of it) again and again set going the infernal machine which ultimately, in general, gets beyond their control and heedlessly and in blind rage and passion for revenge, because forsooth some individual happens to be in possession of a greater amount of money, proceeds to wreck all the damage possible upon his possessions, oftentimes, too, with a notion of life. But few are believers in strikes at present, and least of all probably, "E. S. A." Nevertheless, they are the direct consequence of the antagonism which has been created by the labor forces against what it must inevitably appear is labor's only hope and dependence, capital. The charge, therefore, that labor has been shamefully led astray is proven true.

One the other hand, capital is equally at fault, if not more so because of greater opportunities for enlightenment and of broader horizon. There are far too many employers who think more of dollars and cents and the acquisition of them than of flesh and blood—and soul. Flesh and blood will endure to a certain pitch, after which, especially if it be governed by a not overly well trained mind, it will be likely to rise up in its physical might and create damage. The spectacle of the rich man who is so mean spirited and heartless as to attempt to increase his wealth at the expense of the man agony and blood, if it were not so pitiable from the side of the poor man, would be actually ridiculous, for he is, in truth, not making money so fast as he might by giving his workers better conditions and fair wages. This has been proved over and over again by those who have tried both schemes. But when one considers that, at the same time that he is damning the workers and ruining his own soul, one will find the odds not so even in the end.

The right use of money is a problem which cannot fail to stagger the thinking man who is blessed (or cursed?) with it in quantity. Some try to solve the question by using it simply to get more, and end up with a ten million dollar bank account and a two-for-a-cent soul. Others follow the plan of satisfying means of its use, all their desires and appetites. These oftentimes wind up with no bank account, no soul, no body to speak of, and a large bundle of over-estimated passions. And still others, too few by far, consider their wealth a trust which it is their duty to administer as carefully and equitably as though it all belonged to another. The possession of wealth is a tremendous responsibility, really, although it is recognized as such by very few because so few are called upon to assume it. And here is apparent the appositeness of the above seeming digression. The great majority of men, even those in "comfortable circumstances," labor under the delusion that money and happiness are synonymous. To the man who is obliged to sweat out his daily bread, a condition whereof he has no longer any to work (defined generally as manual labor) seems almost heavenly. He fails to realize that brain work is even more arduous and exhausting than physical labor, that he is trained to be essential to the acquisition of much money and to its conservation afterwards; and that, above all, few are fitted for its possession. All who have read this far probably have in mind at this moment some individual whose life has been ruined simply by the possession of much money. Money is not happiness, although it may be made to conduce to that, longed for estate to a certain extent, if rightly used. There are the expressions of degeneracy in any people. The philosophy of work has been recognized as sound by some from the beginning of times. The rich man has



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his work, the poor than his. The chief duty of each is to see that it be well done. The only possible way out of the present difficult situation between the two is for them to join together and work harmoniously for the good of all.

Such a reform cannot be brought about by any means which sets one side in opposition to the other. Capital may stand over labor with drawn purse-strings and starve it out; and labor may retaliate by holding up its antagonists with a club and destroying his property, but such is not a settlement of the question. The reform must be brought in as all reforms have to be in the end: by sober and systematic enlightenment of everybody concerned. Then, and then only, will the effect be lasting. The flashings of sensational and superficial demagogic charlatanism produce as illusive effects upon the politico-economic landscape as do the lightnings of the thunder storm upon the natural. Emotion and passion not under firm control, are indubitably either dangerous or ludicrous as dangerous as the crazy-drunk, and ludicrous as the silly-drunk.

Gross materialism is the bane of the age, clearly epitomized in this country by the "full-dinner-pail" war-cry. Until we learn that money—nothing is the chief end of man, nor its possession in bulk a free pass to Bliss-Junction, there will always be disasters at every curve. In conclusion, I cannot do better than to quote the last paragraph from the article by Elbert Hubbard, above referred to. "The thing that pays should be the expedient thing, and the expedient thing should be the proper and right thing. That which began with us as a matter of expediency is often referred to as a 'philanthropy.' I do not like the word, and wish to state here that the Roycroft is in no sense a charity—I do not believe in giving any man something for nothing. You give a man a dollar and the man will think less of you because he thinks less of himself; but if you give him a chance to earn a dollar, he will think more of himself and more of you. The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves. So the Roycroft idea is one of reciprocity, mutually—you help me and I'll help you. We will not be here forever, anyway; soon death, the old nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep and we had better help one another while we can; we are going the same way—let's go hand in hand." W. R. F.

### THE WORK OF THE ELEVATED.

The annual report of the Boston Elevated is a very interesting document. It deals with large figures. Think, for example, of collecting from the people more than ten million dollars in nickels! If, if the other side is wanted, look at the fact that it paid nearly \$200,000 in taxes, while it cost more than \$7,000,000 for operating expenses. Most of the income goes back into the pockets of employees, supporting thousands of them. There are many other impressive figures, suggesting the enormous business done by the company, and the thoroughness of the organization which makes its service to the people so satisfactory.

The Somerville police court has a new justice, succeeding Judge Story, who recently passed away after a very long and valuable service. Judge Wentworth comes to the position well equipped for the work—another of Gov. Crane's excellent selections for judicial positions.

Harvard is to have a "student inspector." As the title may mislead some, we rise to explain that he is not to inspect the students but merely the trash which goes into 'em—into their stomachs, at Memorial hall, and not into their heads.

The people who think that capital punishment deters from murder have some difficult questions to answer, with several murders following so soon upon the recent executions.

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### A WHITE SUNDAY.

Jan. 12 was literally a white Sunday. In the early morning, every tree and shrub was arrayed in the most delicate white, so that the outlook was one of unrivaled beauty. When Nature puts herself in full dress, there is nothing wanting in her attire. She is altogether exquisite in her taste, while she regards with a jealous eye the fitness of time and season. Sunday was a full proclamation of the winter time. We sat within doors and read "Snow-bound."

### BOTTOM SIDE UP.

That man whom we saw the other day apparently reading his book bottom side up didn't commit, after all, an unusual mistake, for there are lots of men who practically read in this same inverted way. We mean those men who never catch the thought of the writer; those men who never get anything straight. The intellectual blunder will exhaust the patience of a Job. Deliver us from the man into whose brain you must shoot an idea. We always shun in every way possible the man who holds his reading book bottom side up.

### A BARBAROUS CUSTOM.

It is nothing other than a barbarous custom that compels the president of the United States to shake hands with an eager, curious crowd, on New Year's day and on other public occasions. It is said that President Roosevelt shook hands with more than eight thousand men and women on the first day of January. These White House shows are getting quite too common—so common that it makes cheap in the market our highest officials. While the Enterprise is an enthusiastic believer in a pure and simple democracy, still it believes that its public officials should not be set up for hand-shakes and snapshots.

### TOWN MEETING.

And the annual town meeting approach the date almost innumerable candidates for the various offices are beginning to make themselves known. The difficulty is there are not offices enough to go round. At first sight, it almost seems a misfortune that all those who at any sacrifice are willing to serve the public are not permitted to do so—and yet the cold fact remains that Arlington can have but one town clerk, and but one town treasurer, and but three members of her board of selectmen, and so on to the end of the list. So it becomes plainly evident that somebody must be left, at the approaching town meeting. But be of good cheer, dear brother, for there is honor in serving in the ranks.

### SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK.

J. M. Thiry, whom we well know, introduced into the schools of Long Island City, New York, the school savings bank, and the experiment after sixteen years' trial is regarded as a pronounced success. At present the savings bank is in successful operation in ninety-seven cities and towns. Why wouldn't it be a good idea for the schools of Arlington, Lexington and Belmont to introduce this same system in saving the pennies of the children? This system, it is claimed, not only saves a penny that would go for candy and chewing gum, but beyond all this, it teaches the children in a practical way lessons of thrift. The schools in Long Island City have deposited within the past sixteen years something like two hundred thousand dollars. We commend this subject to the careful attention of the schools in Arlington, Lexington and Belmont.

### LETTER-WRITING.

All letter-writing aside from a business correspondence should be altogether informal, or, in other words, it should be a cordial, natural expression of the writer. That letter always receives a glad welcome which has in it and about it the life of the friend who wrote it. That letter is a dead failure which has been penned according to some formal rule. Letter-writing is not an art; it is or should be nature. The public schools have made bad work in attempting to teach letter-writing. The truth is, it cannot be taught. To serve its purpose it must be the natural outpouring of the life of the writer. The letter that doth good is where each word has been made alive. Nothing kills one so completely as a formal letter from a friend, beginning with "My dear sir," and closing with "Yours very respectfully." Such a letter gives us a chill. Discard all the rules you ever learned in school when you come to a friendly correspondence. Remember that "the letter killeth while the spirit maketh alive."

### "JUMP IN."

"Jump in" is the cordial, cheery invitation of the countryman as he drives along the highway having a spare seat in his carriage. The footman remote from all metropolitan and suburban life well knows that he will catch a ride in the first wagon that overtakes him.

Now, this fact very largely sizes up the difference between the neighborly life of the country and that of the city. Metropolitan life has about it a selfishness that is well-nigh supreme. The individual in the crowd seems to lose in a social way all relationship with his fellow. His first and only thought begins with himself and ends with himself. The very moment that man gets apart and remote from nature, then he has nothing left that he may do but turn to his own little circumscribed world, and live therein as best he may. In that world he has no room for other than himself. He has no spare seat for the weary footman on the way. It is only out in the great big world where nature is everlasting that there is room enough and to spare. Not only this, for nature invites and urges with her myriad voices that every nook and corner of her wide domain may be occupied by all those who love the true and the most beautiful as seen at first hand. While we must have our metropolitan centers, still it is unfortunate that men and women, sensible for the most part, will assume a life so greatly out-of-joint with the natural order of things. And still more unfortunate is the fact that this metropolitan style of doing things fastens itself upon suburban life. A "jump in" on a Pleasant street or a Hancock street would be no more out of place than it is a hundred miles back in the country. The difficulty is, we are so hemmed in by forms and conventionalities that we do little or nothing in a natural way. O, for "one touch of nature" which "makes the world kin!" All nature, with its inviting voice, says, "Jump in."

### A REMARKABLE MAN.

Whatever differences men may have with William J. Bryan politically, all will agree that he is a man of remarkable ability and magnetic power. His speeches before the Commonwealth club in Boston and before the Harvard students in Sanders theatre last week are classics. William J. Bryan is nearer to the American people today than ever before. Wherever he goes he draws about him not only the common people, but he draws as well the more highly cultured and scholarly. Bryan by nature is a leader of men. A Democrat through and through, he is in full sympathy and touch with the industrial classes, and yet at the same time all parties flock to see him and hear him. That Harvard audience was a singular illustration of the inherent power of the man. And then that speech; what shall be said of it? It abounded in sentences each of which contained a new gospel. "The happiness of this world," he declared, "comes not from what we receive, but from what we do for others." And then again he said, with startling eloquence, "Let us be an inspiration to others." The whole thought of Mr. Bryan's address in Sanders theatre was that "the conquering nation" must be governed by love. But it isn't our purpose to reproduce, even in part, what he so well said in Boston and in Cambridge. It is of the man we write. William J. Bryan, in spite of the two national defeats that have come to him, is more of a man today, and more of a recognized leader, than ever before. With that keen intellectual ability which takes in the most abstruse subjects, and with that wonderful power of expression by which he easily makes himself understood, he readily gets at and holds the multitude. Throwing aside all partisan feeling, it must be said that nowhere in this country can there be found a man who ranks as a leader in the world of thought with William J. Bryan.

### HOW ADJUSTED.

How can the right relationship between capital and labor be adjusted is a question that has been discussed over and over again, and yet apparently is as far from settlement as ever. This editorial has to do with the employer. So long as the individual and the corporation manifests the disposition to get the utmost from the employee for the lowest possible wages, then may we expect more or less frequently an outbreak between capital and labor. It is everywhere true that human nature is miserly and grasping, bound to have the last dollar if by any means it is to be had. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the employer will take the greatest care not to tell his employee of the excellent work he may be doing him, lest the employee might want a dollar added to his salary. The exception to this general fact proves the rule. Wherever the employer has been willing to accept the scriptural truth, that "the workman is worthy of his hire," then there has been the most friendly relationship between the employer and the employee. In a majority of instances where there has been an outbreak between capital and labor, the originating cause has been with the capitalist. The poor man faithful to the last has been so pushed to the wall that as a wage-earner he has been compelled to accept the salary offered, and the capitalist has too frequently taken mean advantage of this stress of circumstances. Why will not men everywhere recognize the worth of intelligent labor? Why will not the employer go to the employee and say to him frankly and in a manly way, "I appreciate your efficient services and so I gladly increase your present salary." This disturbing question is not likely to be settled outside of the home and the public school. The children must be rightly educated in all that is just and right. Strikes, however frequently they may occur, will never establish a feeling of fraternity between capital and labor. The children must be taught not to look with an envious eye upon the things of another. It is an unfavorable criticism, but true, nevertheless, that while a man does his work faithfully and well, he is patted on the back and called a good fellow, and yet let misfortune overtake him and he becomes incapacitated for his usual duties, then is he reckoned a back number, and essentially dead to the community in which he lives. This truth has an objective illustration here. O, shame on us all, that our interest in men should in any instance be measured by what they can do for us. Let us reverse our system of ethics and so get hold of the right end of life. We derive the most good in giving, not in receiving. The employer who gives as little as possible for the labor of the employee will find on that last pay-day which is sure to come that he has cheated himself.

"We shall not be heard for our much

speaking" ought to serve as an effective hint to that minister who spins out that second prayer on Sunday morning to an intolerable length.

A man who plays a successful hand must have the leading cards, and no less must he who would run a lone, successful, instructive newspaper, have the brains.

The Enterprise is under obligations to John T. White, 147 Park avenue, state inspector of public buildings, for a copy of the annual report of the chief of Massachusetts district police, for the year 1901.

"Heart failure" is now being successfully treated by the application of another heart, the two beating as one. Just try it.

That man who never reads an exchange paper is that very same man who never exchanges a thought.

Don't forget, good woman, that the mother who rocks the cradle rules the world.

"We neither borrow nor lend" is the cry of both the miser and egotist.

The nearest approach to heaven on earth is a loving, cheerful home.

Many a man does his reading with his book practically upside down.

### ARLINGTON LOCALS.

Francis Gould post, G. A. R., installed the following officers last week Thursday evening in Grand Army hall, installing officer Edridge, of Boston, of the following: K. O. Winchester, commander; H. Seaver, vice-commander; Henry Bradley, junior vice; S. C. Frost, quartermaster; J. J. March, officer-of-the-day; A. W. Willard, chaplain; David Chinery, surgeon; L. D. Bradley, adjutant; H. W. Berthrong, officer-of-the-guard; Edward W. Brown, quartermaster-sergeant; J. A. Blanchard, sergeant-major. Speeches were made and supper served.

George Y. Wellington, the live insurance man, in spite of his years, was working until late Thursday evening, adjusting the insurance on the loss by fire to the poor farm buildings. Mr. Wellington is as active as many a man his junior in years, and there is nothing about fire insurance he does not know.

The Universalist church and society are busy in arranging for a fair to be held in the church vestry on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Feb. 18, 19 and 20.

A sign on a certain door in the post-office building reads: "If we rest we rust; if we rust we bust; therefore, no rest, no rust, no bust." This is not on the Enterprise door, however well it might apply.

A sleighing party, about twenty in number, took supper at Dale's restaurant, last week Thursday night. They were jolly and orderly.

Fred W. Derby, the local optician, assisted an eminent Boston oculist, Monday, in a difficult operation on the eye. The operation was very successful and, considering the peculiar trouble, is regarded as a small achievement. Mr. Derby by availing himself of the exceptional opportunity of assisting a distinguished oculist, shows that he realizes the advantage afforded, and the experience which he derives thereby is undoubtedly of great value to him in his chosen profession.

Robert V. Stevenson is now employed at the furniture store of William Caldwell in place of John F. Connolly, who recently resigned his position.

At the annual meeting of the Altar guild connected with the Universalist church, held at Mrs. F. S. Mead's Monday afternoon, the following officers were elected: President, Miss Abbie Russell; vice-president, Mrs. Frank Brooks; treasurer, Mrs. William Brooks; secretary, Mrs. Harry Flister.

Little William Harvey gave a birthday party on Saturday afternoon at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund W. Harvey, 5 Park terrace. The occasion was the anniversary of Master William's fifth birthday. Games were played and there were lots of good things to eat.

Mrs. G. B. Lord, of Charlestown, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edmund W. Harvey, 5 Park terrace.

Miss Edith Fowle gave a pleasant whist party, Monday evening, at her home, 430 Massachusetts avenue. There were four tables at the game. A bountiful collation was served.

The Social Alliance of the First Parish church held an enjoyable meeting Monday afternoon. Rev. Thomas Van Ness, of the Second Unitarian church, Boston, gave the Alliance an interesting talk on "Herodism." An afternoon tea was served by Mrs. S. G. Damon and Mrs. A. J. Wellington.

The steps of the stairway leading up into the children's department of Robinson's library have been covered with rubber mats for the convenience and safety of the children.

Mrs. Edward T. Hornblower, 28 Academy street, leaves on Tuesday, the 22nd of this month, for Pasadena, Cal., where she will remain for a few weeks. Manager F. H. Clark, of the local telephone exchange, entertained with Mrs. Clark the young lady operators, last week Wednesday evening, at the Clark home. Those present were Mrs. Grace Root, Miss Oceana Marsters, Miss Margaret Dolbow, Miss Margaret Henderson, Miss Charlotte O. Brooks, Miss Gertrude E. Wenn, Miss Clarabelle H. Somerby, Miss Emily Hartwell. The company entertained themselves around Mr. Clark's pool table, and had a very enjoyable occasion. Refreshments were served.

The Woman's Relief corps officers were installed last week Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Maria C. Going. The officers are: President, Clara J. Kimball; senior vice-president, Carrie Fowle; junior vice-president, Sarah Whitney; secretary, Mae Naugher; treasurer, Sarah Bradford; chaplain, Carrie Stearns; guard, Jennie Barnes; conductor, Ella Isler; assistant conductor, George Jacobs; assistant guard, Louise Record; color bearers, Gertrude McLean, Alice Knowlton, Ella Bonanne, Ida Lawrence; pianist, Mabel Tyler.

An Enterprise man called on E. Price, Tuesday morning, at his place of business in Belmont. Mr. Price is known far and wide as a smith and a wheelwright who understands his business. Mr. Price is always busy. Just at present he is hard at work on several wagons for the packing company.

**You Can Be Cured of Piles**  
if you take  
**WINCHESTER PILE CURE**  
as directed on the bottle.  
No Cure—No Pay.  
**\$1.00 PER BOTTLE.**

**WINCHESTER PILE CURE CO**  
MEDFORD, MASS.

### CHARCOALED FAVORITES.

Two Nights' Performance at Arlington to Crowded Houses—Songs and Dances Serve to Entertain—William H. Nolan as Interlocutor.

The seating capacity of the Arlington town hall was again taxed to its fullest extent, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, when a minstrel entertainment and dance was given under the auspices of St. Agnes church by the members of the church choir and the Arlington Glee club. The audience was more than satisfied with the two performances, and, judging from the hearty applause which followed each and every selection, and the company has every reason to feel as though its hard work was amply rewarded.

When the curtain rose the only familiar face amid the sea of charcoaled favorites was that of interlocutor William H. Nolan, the well known newspaper man. He was attired in a spotless cream colored suit, and was obliged to bow his acknowledgments at the cordial reception tendered him and the company. Mr. Nolan appeared to be right at home and was unquestionably the right man in the right place. Those who handled the bones were Miss Mabel Gray, Miss Julia Lacey, Dr. F. H. Clock, Thomas F. McGehee, and the banjo swingers were Miss Nellie Cunningham, Mrs. Amanda Beauchemin, Frank Burns and John J. Desmond. The others in the company were: Misses Mary A. Sheehan, Josephine E. Dacey, Margarita E. Sheehan, Agnes F. O'Neill, Mae M. Donahue, Mae F. Rogers, Katherine Ahern, Josephine Galarneau, Miss Mahaney, Mary Powers, Katherine A. Sweeney, Anna Doyle, Sade Cohen, Annie L. Prendergast, Katherine T. McGrath, Harriett Colbert, James H. Ford, William H. Riley, Thos. F. Welch, James F. Duran, Kim Willey, Wm. H. Nolan, Geo. H. Nolan, Charles Beauchemin, James M. Mead, John J. Hendricks, Philip A. Hendricks, Joseph Varney, Jas. P. Donnelly, Frank J. Rowe, Charles F. Ford, J. Mahoney. The program Tuesday evening included the following numbers, which were arranged by John J. Nolan: Grand introductory overture and chorus, company; and song, "Ain't dat a Shame," Frank Burns; ballad, "Shine On, Oh Stars," William Kelley; recitation and chorus, "When Mr. Shakespeare Comes to Town," Miss Mabel Gray; ballad, "When Love Takes Over," Miss Nellie Cunningham; and song, "Go Away Back and Sit Down," Miss Nellie Cunningham; ballad, "After the Shadow is Past," Geo. H. Nolan; end song, "I'm Yored," Dr. F. H. Clock; ballad, "I Love You Dead and Only You," Miss Harriett Colbert; end song, "The Laughing Coon," John J. Desmond; ballad, "When the Autumn Leaves are Falling," James P. Donnelly; and song, "Every Darkey Has a Raglan On," Mrs. Amanda Beauchemin; grand finale, "Brown October Ale," company, solo by Chas. F. Ford, Buck and wing dancing, Dessault and Cuno; character specialties, Frank Burns; reading, Miss Mabel Gray; song, Harry Wyman; concluding with a laughable comedy, "Deception," with the cast as follows: Jack Sharp, P. A. Hendricks; Old Brown, F. F. Mosher; Pete, Joseph Varney; Jim, John J. Nolan. Dancing followed each performance with Charles F. Ford as floor director, William H. Nolan, assistant, and assisted further by James H. Ford, J. F. Welch, John J. Hendricks, Joseph Varney, Frank J. Rowe, Charles Beauchemin, Philip A. Hendricks and James M. Mead as aids.

Wednesday's performance was practically a repetition of the first night. The financial result of the affair was very flattering to all those concerned, and the unstinting patronage will commend the talent to again favor Arlington with a similar production.

The director of the entertainments was J. J. Nolan, the business manager, C. F. Ford, and the treasurer, Miss Lucy J. Butler. The ushers were James J. Mahoney, P. J. Corrigan, John A. Bishop, A. P. Crowley, Chas. B. Hurley, James P. Daley, D. W. Grannan.

### FELL TO HIS DEATH.

Thomas Williams, of Arlington, Meets With Fatal Accident in Boston—Falls from Roof of Six Story Building.

Thomas Williams, of Belknap street, Arlington, met with a tragic death in Boston, Wednesday, by falling from a roof of a building at 90 Devonshire street, while engaged in removing snow. Death was almost instantaneous.

Mr. Williams, who had been janitor of the building for about three years, was at work with an assistant and had succeeded in removing nearly all the snow that was banked in front of the windows on the sixth floor. He had just about completed his work and turned to enter a window, when he slipped. Several who watched him said he regained his hold, but as he moved forward a second time his insecure footing caused him to slip again, and he fell backward to the street. He was taken at once to an office nearby, where three doctors who saw the accident, attempted to render assistance, but he was beyond all aid. They declared that death had been instantaneous.

Mr. Williams, who was about 45 years of age, lived with his wife and three children, a son and two daughters. The entire family is highly respected, and are attending to the Congregational church. They have lived in Arlington about four years. Both Mr. Williams and his wife were born in Ireland. The deceased had the respect and confidence of his employers and was highly regarded by all who knew him. The funeral will be tomorrow at 3 o'clock.

### KOMMUNE-E-KASHIONS.

arlington jan 15, 1902.

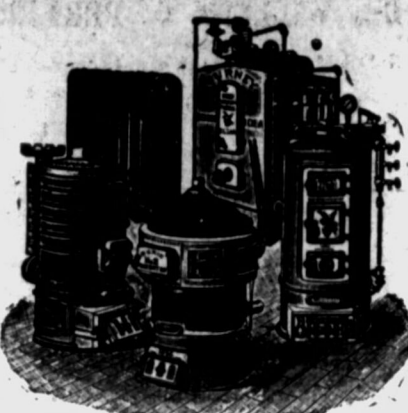
mi deer sal  
what seams two b the mater up in shankbone? I aint heered from u fer moarn a weak & i me afraide ur sick or worse. I hope, full hez ber trin ur shine up ter u agin. u don't want to hev nuthin two due with him sal fer he haint got an edukation and chaws terbakar. I aint much skat tho wite ur rite offe things is pretti brusk hear at prezant & i me wel as usewell, o sa i met josh j— last thursda & whear due u souse i met him. ude hev laffed kaz he was rite ther in de best clothes, wel u no i got a invite to attend the big fede given to mr briant at the quincl house in Bostling, sew i thot ide go two se him, kuz heze the man who tride to get mi voat on too ocase. I aint tak about ur speaches, sa heze a powerful won. hz centiments was butfil and if he ever runs fer prezident on the reepubliekan tikit i voat fer him sure. I me josh was as krak as a loon, he hollered & cheared & cheared & hollered jest as tho briant was the govenner, after it waz all over i went up ter josh & saz i ter him how ient yer old chap, uel u beleve it he didnt no me at furst, kuz i hed on mi nu kiothes mald fer me bi john d rpsie the arlington taylor, at furst josh thot i waz won of briants kabinnet, u wudent rpose kiothes, uel i mek sech a diff tiznes, leatwise thats what tha al sa, rone uv ur shabbi rts when john gits thru with u, he kepes up ter stille every day, goodby fer this time with luv  
B.

### WASHINGTON TOURS, \$25.

Descriptive itineraries of the series of tours Boston to Washington under the personally conducted tourist system of Pennsylvania railroad, may be obtained of D. N. Bell, tourist agent, 205 Washington street, Boston.

Have you chapped hands? Oecola is a lotion that will cure your trouble. Ask your druggist for Oecola.

If you want your butter and eggs fresh drop a line to D. Buttrick, Arlington. There is nothing old in the goods he handles, and a trial will mean you will be a permanent customer.



### The Gurney Heater

can always be relied upon.

All Kinds of Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus.

Before you go elsewhere ask for estimates. - - -

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Boilers Repaired.

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BROADWAY AND WINTER STREETS,  
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### Lunch or Dinner at the COLUMBIAN CAFE,

Near the B. & M. R. R. Crossing, Arlington, Mass.

Regular Dinner, 25c.

### For Lunch

White Bread and Milk; Crackers and Milk; Bread and Butter; Chopped Ham, Tribby, Ham, Frankfort, or Sardine Sandwiches; Apple, Squash, Custard, Lemon, Mince and Cream Pies; Raw Oysters; Coffee, Cocoa, Milk, Tea, nine kinds of Soda Tonics.  
For a good, square dinner, a change of menu daily. The list embraces Steaks, Roast Beef, Roast Lamb, Ham and Eggs, Pork Chops, Liver and Bacon, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon and Eggs, Fried Cod, Oyster Stew, French Fried Potatoes, Potatoes a la Mode, Soups, etc.

I have a Telephone, No. 182-3.  
If you cannot, through pressure of business or other causes, go home to your meals, order your dinner or lunch sent to you. We will serve you quickly. It costs but 5 cents to talk with Boston, Medford, Waltham or other places about Boston, through our nickel-in-the-slot phone.

**A. C. LeBREQUE.**

### C. W. Grossmith, Registered Pharmacist.

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Trade here. Save money and time. Do not fail to try our Balsam Tar Compound for Coughs. Nothing like it.

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**MRS. M. DALE, 466 Mass. Ave., Arlington.**

would call special attention to new lines of household goods constantly arriving.

Our stock of Kitchen furnishings will be found much larger than any other in Arlington—too large to enumerate. If you wish anything in the lines of China, Glassware, Earthenware, Stenware, Woodware, Hardware or many other kinds of staple goods used in homes or housekeeping, we can supply your needs with eye-opening prices.

We have a telephone, 129-2. Call us up. For 5c through our phone you can talk with anyone in Boston or vicinity.

**JAMES E. DUFFY,**

**Hair Dresser,**

Pool Room Connected.

641 Massachusetts Avenue, Arlington.

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CLOTHING SADDLERY OUTFITS

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Ceiling, Enameling and Hardwood Finishing a Specialty. All kinds of work done in a first-class manner.

Resident of Arlington 12 years. Best of references given.

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Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Rubbers

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Arctic, warm goods for winter wear. Men's Caps, Gloves and

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EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE FLAT

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FURNISHED ROOM, one minute from

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**FRANK J. HOLLAND,**

**Engraving.**

Small Metal Signs, Door Plates and Numbers.

Signs Repolished and Refilled.







## BILL HOOPER'S LEGAL LORE

...By George F. Canis

Copyright, 1901, by G. F. Canis.

Lawyers had poor picking in Deadwood in the hurrah days of the camp. Somehow the motley crowd there got into the habit of settling disputes out of court—mostly with six shooters and Winchester. Homicides were of frequent occurrence—in fact, the "man for breakfast" schedule was observed. But vigilantes often interfered and persisted in dropping the killer, even though discussion of the incident was continued. Then, too, when a shot was taken at a claim jumper, that was considered a privileged communication, according to the unwritten law. Except for the fashion and common practice of the camp all the lawyers in it—and there were lots of them—would have had a case apiece and at short intervals. As matters stood, however, it wasn't often that any one of them was able even to arrange for a fee.

When Bill Hooper took a case for \$25, his law partner seriously objected, though it was the first either had had in weeks. Bill said he did it to en-

ple of men in this camp what knows more law than you."

Bill waited till the justice exhausted himself and sank back in his chair. Puffing away at his cigar so he wouldn't have to waste more time and matches on it when ready to resume his smoking, he exclaimed:

"You see it was this way: Jim come to me and wanted me to take this case. I told him I didn't want to take his money for nothing, but just to humor him said he could give me a hundred if I got him off. I knew there was no use trying a case before this court and didn't fool away my time fixing for it. It's just like I told Jim—a man can't get justice in this camp till we're rid of the duffer what thinks he knows law and don't know a little bit."

"You did, did you? howled the justice."

"That's what I did," blandly remarked Bill.

"So you go 'round telling the boys I don't know nothing 'bout law, do you?" The crowd guffawed in chorus, either because Bill's estimate was common property or the expression of it by the justice himself gave them a chance to concur therewith. Here the temper of the justice boiled over. He thumped his desk and yelled out, "Did you tell this prisoner he couldn't get justice in this court?"

"This is no court," was the comment. Without seeming to notice the sarcasm or implied insult, the justice repeated his question. It called forth this response: "Yes, I said just that, and, what's more, I believe it, too, and so does everybody in this camp. A man can't get justice while!"

Gasping with rage, the justice threw himself on top of the desk, whacking it with his fists till the boards cracked and delivered this decision: "I'll show you, you clubfoot duffer, that a man can get justice in this court; I'll show this camp what a liar you are, Bill Hooper—the prisoner's discharged."

Outside the office the man who was released from custody paid Bill \$100, as he had promised, and then took the next stage out of Deadwood, for he was afraid of vigilantes.

### Foiling the Common Enemy.

The widow of an English army officer was visiting me with her son, a charming little fellow about five years old. The mother told me with pride how honorable he was, how high minded, and that she had never for an instant seen in him indications of any traits that were low or base.

The child was put to bed every night at 6. We dined at 7. I was sitting in the drawing room one evening before dinner. The room was dark, the doors open, and my seat commanded a view of both the stairway and the dining room. The table was set, and in the center was a dish of tempting peaches.

Presently there came to my ears the patter of little bare feet, and a childish figure clad in a nightgown stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers seized the topmost peach from the dish, and the little fellow turned and trotted away up stairs again. As I sat in the dark in an agony of apprehension there came again the patter, patter of little feet, and a white clad figure stole down the stairs, through the hall, into the dining room, up to the table. Small fingers replaced the stolen peach just where it had been, and a stubborn little voice muttered, "Done again, old devil!"—Harper's.

### Freaks in Hunting.

The biggest authenticated bag secured at one shot of which I have ever heard consisted of one rabbit (the cause of the shot), one beater, one on-looker (a French cook), a boy and a dog. I once shot nine snipe at a shot, but this was in South America. They were on the ground, and they were shot for the pot. I have read of a sportsman (not Baron Munchausen) who shot a bumblebee and a butterfly right and left, and indeed sometimes a large bumblebee does for an instantaneous second look uncommonly like a distant advancing grouse, just as, when on the alert for partridges, the fieldfares breasting the hedge often cause a nervous twitch of the gun.

Curious circumstances sometimes occur out shooting. A friend walking in line down a turnip field saw a startled hare running fast and straight toward him up a furrow. He stood still, waiting for her to turn, but the hare with her peculiar vision did not see him and ran her head plump against his shin, killing herself and very seriously bruising his leg.—Fortnightly.

### Poison of the Centiped.

The centipede is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot, but I have several times handled them, after their heads were removed, without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow and provided with poison bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a grewsome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health.

The tarantula, though his powers of offense are nothing like those of the scorpion or centipede, is, however, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in everyday life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small "triantelepe," as they called it.—Chambers' Journal.

### Favorable Point.

"Will there be any honor for the man who discovers the north pole?" "Certainly. He will be a great life saver."

"A life saver?"

"Yes. Explorers will cease going then."—Chicago News.

## BELMONT AND WAVERLEY CHURCHES, SOCIETIES, ETC.

### FIRST PARISH CHURCH.

Belmont.  
Rev. Hilary Bygrave, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.  
PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Belmont.  
Rev. Elbridge C. Whiting, pastor. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening praise, 7; weekly prayer meeting, Tuesday, 7:45 p.m.

### ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Belmont.  
Morning services at 8:30 and 10 o'clock; Sunday school, 3:30; vespers, 7:30.

### ALL SAINTS CHURCH.

(Episcopal.)  
Corner Common and Clark Streets.  
Rev. Reginald H. Coe, rector. Morning service at 10:30 a.m. Sunday school at 12 m.

### WAVERLEY UNITARIAN SOCIETY.

Rev. C. H. Allen, pastor. Services every Sunday morning, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Religious union, first and third Sunday each month, 6:30 p.m. All invited.

### WAVERLEY BAPTIST SOCIETY.

Rev. H. S. Smith, pastor. Services in Waverley hall, Sunday school, 12:15 p.m.; preaching service, 7:15 p.m.; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Waverley.  
Rev. Geo. P. Gilman, pastor. Morning service, 10:45; Sunday school, 12 m.; Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, 6:15 p.m.; evening service, 7:15; prayer meeting, Friday evening, 7:30.

### ROYAL ARCANUM.

Waverley Council, No. 313.  
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, second and fourth Tuesday evenings each month.

### INDEPENDENT ORDER ODD FELLOWS.

Trapelo Lodge, No. 228.  
Meets in Lodge hall, Waverley, every Monday evening.

### FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Belmont Lodge.  
Meets on the first Thursday of each month, at Masonic hall, Belmont.

### BELMONT FIRE ALARM.

2. No School.  
7. Concord Ave., near Myrtle St.  
9. Cor. School and Golden Sts.  
12. Cor. Clark and Thomas Sts.  
13. Cor. Waverley and Common Sts.  
14. Concord Ave. (Opposite E. A. Atkina).

15. Horse House.  
16. Cor. Pleasant and Clifton Sts.  
17. Prospect St.  
18. Cor. Pleasant and Brighton Sts.  
19. Cross St.  
21. Brighton St. near Hill's Crossing depot.  
23. Cor. Common and North Sts.  
24. Cor. Common and Washington Sts.  
25. Belmont St. cor. Oxford.  
26. Cor. School and Washington Sts.  
27. Grove St.  
28. Town Farm.  
29. Waverley St.  
30. Cor. Lexington and Beech Sts.  
31. Cor. Church and North Sts.  
32. White and Maple Sts.  
37. Mill St. near J. S. Kendall.  
38. Trapelo road, Agassiz St.  
41. Spring lane.  
61. School St. near Hittinger.

One blow for test, at 6:55 a.m., 4:55 p.m.  
Two blows when fire is all out.  
D. S. McCABE, Chief.  
E. PRICE.  
H. H. RUSSELL, Engineers.

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## ONE OF WOMAN'S WAYS.

The Hates to Pay Out Bills That Are Clean and Crisp.

"Most women hate to spend new money," says an observant salesman. "I haven't the faintest idea why this should be so, but I've noticed it often right here in the store."

"A woman will make a purchase and pull out her purse to pay the bill, but if she happens to have to part with a clean, crisp note in making up the amount she looks greatly annoyed. I've seen women with fat wads of bright brand new bills flustered when they came to pay for purchases because they hadn't sufficient old money to meet the charges. They would dig out the contents of their purses and stow the crisp notes to one side, and if they couldn't scrape up the sum in a few cases I've known them to go out without buying."

"Others will give utterance to little feminine exclamations of dismay and will hastily pay for the articles selected in the new money. Then they will march off with quite a show of indignation, just as if they had been inveigled into spending the money."

"I know one man who always takes his salary home in beautiful, clean certificates. He has caught on to this peculiarity of the sex, and he says it saves him all kinds of money."—Philadelphia Record.

### Chinese Honesty.

As for the honesty of these people, I appeal to every English merchant or banker from Peking to Hongkong to answer if he ever heard of a dishonest Chinese merchant or banker. So far from that, not only has every English bank two Chinamen to receive and hand out money, but every bank in Japan has the same. The English will tell you, half in jest, that the Japanese is an oriental Yankee and does not trust his own people, and they will tell you, half in earnest, that the English bankers employ Chinese to handle their money because they never make mistakes.

These people of China have never had anything like a bankrupt law. If a man cannot pay his debts or some one does not secretly come forward and pay them at the end of each year, he has "lost his face," and so he dies by his own hand. Yet, with all their piteous poverty, they have no such words as "hard times," for everything must be settled up at the end of the year. There can be no extension of time. Confucius forbade it.—Joaquin Miller in North American Review.

### Champagne and Cancer.

There is a remarkable coincidence between the spread of cancer and the largely increased daily consumption of effervescent wines and waters among the wealthy classes. Prior to the sixties champagne as a drink was, even in higher circles, partaken of but occasionally, nor were aerated waters consumed in anything like the quantity now with the frequency that they now are. These beverages, and indeed all effervescent drinks, owe their sparkle to the carbonic acid gas which they contain. My contention is that the upper classes by their habit of constantly imbibing effervescent beverages, which are solutions of carbonic acid of greater or less strength, so prepare their mucous tissues as to make them a favoring host to the cancerous fungus. If fungus it be.—London Medical Times.

### Leather Eating Ants.

It is said that in Rhodesia white ants destroy boots and articles of clothing left on tables or hanging on nails. The following is from a letter received recently from South Africa: "On awaking in the morning you are astonished to see a cone shaped object on your bed with two holes at the top. On closer examination you discover that the holes have just the size and shape of the inside of your boots, which you incautiously left on the floor the night before. They have given form and proportion to an ant heap, and nothing is left of them except the nails, eyelets and maybe part of the heels."

### The Three Meal Habit.

Our three meal habit is a fearful tax on our working capacity. It troubles the temptation to overeating. Our champions stagger under the weight of a physiological handicap. One-half the functional energy of the system is diverted by the exigencies of digestion. No other hygienic mistake has done so much to make us a generation of dyspeptics as the custom of after dinner work. Its victims, moreover, incur the risk of contracting that form of moral dyspepsia called pessimism. It tends to rob the working day of its reward.—Dr. F. L. Oswald in Success.

### Her Sorrow.

She—Harry, you said something last evening that made me feel so bad.  
He—What was it, dearest?  
She—You said I was one of the sweetest girls in all the world.  
He—And aren't you, darling?  
She—You said "one of the sweetest." Oh, Harry, to think I should live to know that I have to share your love with another!

### An Old Hand.

"What was the first thing your husband said when you got started on your wedding journey?"  
"Excuse me while I go forward and have a smoke." You know it was the third time for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Experienced.

He—Your friend, Miss Dashway, has quite a military air about her.  
She—No wonder. She has participated in no fewer than seventeen engagements.—Chicago News.

The best part of the Kimberley diamond field covers nine acres only.

## BUTTER AS A MEDICINE.

It Is Good For Consumptives and For Thin, Weak People.

Butter is so common a commodity that people use it and scarcely ever think what wonderful value lies at their hand in the pats of dainty yellow cream fat. Of course they know that it is useful in many branches of cookery and that without its aid the table would be bare of its thinly rolled bread and butter, its delicate cakelets and its other usual accessories. Beyond these uses the value of butter is a thing only vaguely thought of.

But this delicate fat is as valuable as the dearer cod liver oil for weakly, thin people, and doctors have frequently recommended the eating of many thin slices of bread thickly spread with butter as a means of pleasantly taking into the bodily tissues one of the purest forms of fat it is possible to get.

Butter is a carbon, and all excess of it is stored up as fat in the body. It gives energy and power to work to those who eat heartily of it. So it is not economy at table to spare the butter, even to the healthy folk. For any one afflicted with consumption butter cookery, if plenty of fat can be digested, is one of the best ways of curing the disease if it is in its early stages or of keeping it at bay if advanced.

Butter is not a simple fat, composed of merely one sort. It is a mixture of no less than seven different sorts of fats, and no more complex oil can be taken than this is.

### How a Diamond Cuts Glass.

It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that a diamond does not cut out the glass, file fashion, but forces the particles apart, so that a continuous crack is formed along the line of the intended cut. The crack once begun, very small force is necessary to carry it through the glass, and thus the piece is easily broken off. The superficial crack or cut need not be deep. A depth, according to fine measurements, of a two-hundredth part of one inch is quite sufficient to accomplish the purpose, so that the application of much force in using the diamond only wears out the gem without doing the work any better.

Numerous stones, such as quartz and other minerals, when ground into proper form, will cut glass like a diamond, but are not so valuable for that purpose, lacking the requisite hardness and soon losing the sharp edge necessary to make the operation a success.

### An Odd Use For the Pin.

An odd use that the pin was put to long ago was that of checking the intemperate habits of the English. St. Dunstan conceived the idea of dividing the tankards out of which the liquor was drunk into eight equal parts, each part marked with a silver pin. The cups were generous affairs, holding two quarts. Consequently the quantity from pin to pin was half a pint, and the regulation was that the drinker "stop at a pin."

Roisterers, however, prevented the purpose of good St. Dunstan and established the rule of "good fellowship," by which the drinker was to stop only at a pin. If he drank beyond, he had to go on to the next mark. As it was difficult to stop exactly at a pin the vain efforts always excited much mirth, and the trial usually ended with the draining of the tankard.

### Bill Nye's Criticism.

It was in Frisco when Peter Jackson, the colored puglist, was a feature in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Bill Nye was to have lectured at the Baldwin theater, but was greeted by so small an audience that he excused himself and went over to hear Jackson talking of the pearly gates to Little Eva. After the performance L. R. Stockwell, the veteran actor, met Nye in the lobby of the theater, and he exclaimed:

"Hello, Nye! What did you think of Peter?"

"Well," responded the humorist dryly, "anatomically he was great, but Uncle Tomically he is the worst I ever saw."

### Buying a Title.

It is not expensive to become a noble in Bavaria. To be made a simple "von" costs a matter of £75, to be raised to the "ritterstand" £100, to be made a "freiherr" £258, to be made a "graf" costs £500, while to be made a prince only costs £1,000. These prices are only one person, but the government really makes reductions in the case of whole families wishing to turn noble all at once. Thus for £2,000 or £3,000 a small family can be made princes, though they are only permitted to use their title within the kingdom of Bavaria.

### They Were Stayers.

After a dinner given by Stephen Price of Drury Lane theater, all the guests but Theodore Hook and the Rev. Edward Cannon retired. Price was suffering from gout, but as they disregarded his hints to retire he stole off and left them in high talk.

On the following morning Price inquired of his servant, "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?"

"Go, sir?" replied John. "They're not gone, sir. They have just rung for coffee."

### Water Tight Bulkheads.

Another meritorious so called modern invention, the water tight bulkhead, is now attributed to Chinese experience. In a paper presented to the Institute of Marine Engineers the use of the bulkhead principle on Chinese junks from time immemorial was pointed out.

### Ready.

He—I wonder what your father will say when I ask him for your hand?  
She—Don't worry about that, dear. He rehearsed it with me this morning, and he does it beautifully.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

### Boston Elevated Railway Co. SURFACE LINES.

#### TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO BOWDOIN SQ.—(via Beacon st., Somerville), 1:30, 5:09 a.m., and intervals of 10, 20 and 30 minutes to 11:15 p.m. SUNDAY, 7:02 a.m., and intervals of 20 and 30 minutes to 11:15 p.m. NIGHT SERVICE—Adams sq. 11:25, 12:07, 12:37, 1:07, 1:37, 2:37, 3:37, 4:42 (4:37, 5:37 a.m., Sunday) a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:30 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS TO SUBWAY—5:01 a.m., and intervals of 8, 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:30 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.) SUNDAY—6:01, 6:31 a.m., and intervals of 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 11:30 p.m. (11:30 to Adams sq.)

ARLINGTON CENTRE TO SULLIVAN SQ. TERMINAL—via Broadway—5:23, and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12:03 night. SUNDAY—6:31 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 20 minutes to 12:00 night. Via Medford Hillside, 5:33 a.m., and 10, 15 and 20 minutes to 12:05 night. SUNDAY—6:36 a.m., and intervals of 10 and 15 minutes to 12:05 night.

C. S. SERGEANT, Vice President.  
Nov. 23, 1901.

### Arlington and Winchester Street Railway.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6:00, 6:30, 7:00, 7:30, 8:15, and every 30 minutes until 10:45, then 11:30 p.m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 5:45, 7:56 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11:06, then 11:30 p.m.

Care at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn. SUNDAY.

Leave Arlington Centre at 8:45, 9:15 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 10:45 p.m., then 11:20 p.m.

Leave Winchester square at 9:05, 9:45 a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11:45 p.m., then 11:45.

### Boston and Maine R. R. Southern Division.

IN EFFECT, OCT. 14, 1901.

#### TRAINS TO BOSTON FROM

Lexington—5:30, 5:56, 6:26, 6:56, 7:26, 7:56, 8:31, 8:43, 9:59, 11:10 A. M., 12:09, 12:50, 2:09, 3:45, 4:15, 4:30, 5:10, 6:36, 8:09, 9:09, 10:09, \*2:40, 3:45, 4:39, 5:10, 6:26, 8:09, 9:09, 10:09 P. M.; Sunday, 9:14 A. M., 1:29, 4:25, 7:55 P. M.

Arlington Heights—5:30, 6:50, 6:35, 7:04, 7:34, 8:04, 8:37, 8:53, 10:07, 11:19 A. M., 12:18, 1:00, 2:18, 3:54, 4:45, 5:19, 6:47, 8:18, 9:18, 10:18 P. M.; Sunday, 9:24 A. M., 1:38, 4:35, 8:06 P. M.

Brattle—6:32, 6:08, 6:38, 7:06, 8:06, 8:56, 10:03, 11:21 A. M., 12:20, 1:02, 2:20, 3:56, 4:25, 4:43, 5:21, 6:50, 8:20, 9:20, 10:20 P. M. SUNDAY, 9:27 A. M., 1:40, 4:38, 8:08 P. M.

Arlington—6:35, 6:12, 6:42, \*7:09, 7:12, \*7:39, 7:42, 7:56, \*8:09, 8:16, \*8:41, 9:00, 10:12, 11:24 A. M., 12:23, 1:05, 2:23, 3:59, 4:25, 4:51, 5:24, 5:46, 6:20, \*6:53, 6:56, \*7:15, 8:23, 9:23, 10:23 P. M. SUNDAY, 9:30 A. M., 1:43, 4:40, 8:11 P. M.

Lake Street—6:38, 6:15, 6:45, 7:15, 7:45, 7:58, 8:19, 9:03, 10:15, 11:26 A. M., 12:25, 1:07, 2:25, 4:01, 4:30, 5:27, 5:49, 6:23, 6:59, 7:18, 8:26, 9:25, 10:25 P. M. SUNDAY, 9:33 A. M., 1:45, 4:43, 8:14 P. M.

\*Express.

#### TRAINS FROM BOSTON FOR

Lexington—6:25, 7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17 A. M., 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:47, 5:17, 5:31, 6:17, 7:04, 7:50, 9:15, 10:20, 11:30 P. M.; Sunday, 9:15 A. M., 12:50, 6:00, 7:00 P. M.

Arlington Heights—6:25, 7:17, 8:17, 9:09, 10:17, 11:17 A. M., 12:17, 1:47, 2:47, 3:47, 4:47, 5:17, 5:31, 6:17, 7:04, 7:50, 9:15, 10:20, 11:30 P. M.; Sunday, 9:15 A. M., 12:50, 6:00, 7:00 P. M.

Brattle—6:28, 7:17, 8:17,







**THIS WEEK THE OPPORTUNITY COMES TO THE MEN.  
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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".